THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editor,

In the "Evening Fire-side, No. 2," I observed some ani-*mad*-versions of "Simplicitas" on "Immortality." I merely hint, (for a hint is all that such a communication as that from S. deserves) there is a wide difference between *railing* and *reasoning*—*assertion* and *elucidation*. Simplicitas should have evinced the inaccuracy of idea—the deficiency of arrangement, the obscurity of expression, which he *seemed* to believe were apparent in "Immortality;" rather than *declaim with emptiness*. As to the length of the paper, I must inform Simplicitas of that which he might have known from its *date;* it was *not* written for this work.—It was intended for a projected publication of a different kind: and its length would have suited *that* performance, although it may not have met the approbation of the *simple*, and the *indolent*, while GAZING at the "Fire-side." Simplicitas asserts, that "Immortality" is *obscure; clear* as he may think his own observations, I confess my penetration is not sufficiently acute to discern their meaning. That he is "perplexed with error," therefore *I doubt not*, as his remarks, equally with his own confession, manifestly declare it. It is hoped, that he will direct the full "blaze" of his "most luminous" explanation on them, in his next *sparkling decrepitation*.

TAPER.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

The doctrine of future rewards and punishments, considered as a motive to virtue, and a source of present happiness.

Life and immortality were brought to light through the gospel. *Paul's 2d Ep. to Tim.* iv. 10.

IT would appear by the sacred records, that during the first and middle ages of the world the doctrine of future rewards and punishments had been but little inculcated. The Jews, though an eminently favored people, were too gross in their apprehensions; too blind to perceive the glimmerings of this glorious truth, whose light more faintly shone through the shadowy dispensations of the law. This may have rendered it necessary to suit the nature of their rewards, as well as their punishments, to the grosser perception of the senses. Hence we see, that under the Mosaic government, as an incitement to virtue, it was said:* "If thou shalt hearken diligently to the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments, which I command thee this day, that the Lord thy God will set thee on high, above all nations of the earth: and all these blessings shall come on thee, and overtake thee." Here the divine Legislator enumerates the most attractive blessings, that were ever offered to the natural perceptions of man.—Ambition could not have an higher aim, and avarice herself could ask no more: riches and honor, conquest and independence, were to be theirs. On the other hand, for disobedience and impiety, punishments were held up to their view, so dreadful in their nature, that every feeling heart must shudder at their description. Cursed were they to be in basket and in store, in city and in field; with pestilence and with sword, with blasting and with mildew, with defeat and with oppression: yet, alas! the history of that people, whether on sacred or profane record, shews that all these blessings and curses were insufficient to induce them to that purity, which would have drawn down the promised recompence, and warded off the stroke, which necessarily follows the commission of evil. In the day of prosperity, they were elated; grew forgetful, and rebelled;—the day of adversity followed, and they drank the bitter cup of suffering.

Here, methinks, is a striking lesson for mankind. It shows that the attainment of every wish which is bounded by the narrow limits of time, is incapable of giving happiness, or securing our virtue; life and immortality must be brought to light, ere the perfection of our nature can be attained. And in due time we see, that "the law which made nothing perfect,"* was done away; its shadows fled before the light of the gospel, as the night recedes from the brightness of the morning.

What a deeply interesting moment was this! How glorious was the change it produced! A thousand springs of action begin to operate on the mind which had hitherto been locked up in the dark recesses of doubt and uncertainty.† Hope, which before was illusive, having been placed on things that "are temporal," *now* changes its object, fixes on things that "are eternal," and becomes‡ "an anchor to the soul." Now the anointed eye receives new powers, and extends her vision from earth to heaven! Now the unfettered soul rises above the limits of mortality, soars away on the wing of faith, and partakes of the glory which "life and immortality have brought to light." Death now loses his sting; the arrows of his quiver are blunted, and over our bright prospects of felicity, the grave can be victorious no more.

Such are the animating excitements of the christian to virtue and holiness! Such are the hopes from which no accidental, nor providential situation in life, can necessarily exclude us. To the king and to the beggar, to the rich and to the poor, to the learned and to the unlearned, the

* Deut. xxviii. 1. & 2. ver.

* Heb. vii. 19.

† Sure Immortality was known,
To few, but very few,
Before I came, the "Corner Stone"
To build my work anew.
But *now* ye know it in your hearts,
You hear it with your ears;
Not by dark visions, nor by starts,
Its evidence appears.

Anonymous.

‡ Heb. vi. 19.

fountain of immortality is set open; *vice* alone, drinks not of its consolations. The wicked dwell in a dark land, where its streams flow not to refresh the inhabitant.

The doctrine of immortality, is happily calculated to tarnish the lustre of mundane glory. We are apt to be ensnared with the glitter of the terrestrial world. * "The boast of heraldry; the pomp of power;" the allurements of wealth and of beauty, naturally draw the attention, entangle the affections, and corrupt the heart. Hence it was necessary to have a counterpoise in the opposite scale, lest, in the contest with the passions, virtue should lose her preponderance. But no sooner does "life and immortality" open their riches to the mind; no sooner does their light dawn on the soul, than we joyfully resign the gilded trifles of time, and stretch forth the hand for the things of eternity. Virtue obtains the dominion; and peace dwells in the heart.

Hitherto we have only seen the influence of these doctrines in the day of prosperity. Let us now view them operating in the hour of distress. We will purposely pass over the numerous instances of sorrow that daily sound in our hearing, or open to our view; because, each of these does not necessarily happen to every individual; but there is one truth which even the sceptic cannot doubt: † "It is appointed unto all men once to die." Pain, and sickness, and death are the common allotments of all: And though *there is no affliction incidental to man that is not assuaged by the hope of a happy immortality;* yet passing to the hour of death, we shall see him in that situation which most demands the balm of consolation.——Behold him then on the bed of languishing! Disease has deprived him of the power of enjoyment; anguish is adding pangs to his complicated misery!——Can we expect to find calmness and fortitude here? Yes—even here I see the smile of peace, and the uplifted eye glistening with joy! "Life and immortality are brought to light" in his soul; and already he partakes of enduring pleasures. Methinks I hear this triumphant language pass his dying lips; ‡ "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown," that shall not fade away?

* Gray. † Heb. IX. 27.
‡ 2 Tim. IV. 7. 8.

How different this from the exit of the vicious! Labouring under the multiplied afflictions of dying nature, vice looks on the future, with fearful concern; while the good man rejoices, in the prospect of eternity. Animated by the *one*, and warned by the *other*, we are stimulated to pursue things most worthy our attention, and by steady perseverance, we shall finally rejoice in the *fullness* of that "Life and Immortality; which are brought to light by the gospel."

VAROL A.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Farewell Lines to Jesse Kearsey; occasioned by his visit to England.

Thee, whom obedience to the Lord's command
Has prompted to forsake thy native land,
Zealous to spread the gospel light abroad,
And make mankind acquainted with their God,—
My voice salutes, if lips unhallow'd may,
Without offence, a valediction pay.
Not warp'd by Eulogy, thou needst not fear,
Strains, which a saint without a blush may hear;
Nor coldly spurn the candour of a line,
That gives a people's sentiments in mine.
Our loss we mourn: A gen'ral sorrow spreads
Through drooping hearts and bows down all our heads;
These tears that flow from every eye must prove
Our deep regret,—our tenderness, our Love.
Yet we recall thee not; we bid thee "go,"
Since thy dear master wills it to be so;
We recognize thy mission, and we find
Our only hope is to be more—resign'd.
Hard lot! yet needful 'tis, we plainly see,
To check our murmurs and to give up thee;—
To give thee up, submissive and forlorn,
Without the *privilege*—to freely mourn!
Not hopeless!—We with confidence entrust
Our friend to HIM who is forever *just;*
To him who, watchful o'er his servants *still,*
Directs them in the counsel of HIS WILL.
Then go, lov'd Jesse, whither duty bids;
Nor heed the drops that hang upon these lids;
Speed *gladly* o'er the watery world thy way,
The Lord thy pilot, compass, light and stay.
Around where Nature's sublime scenes arise,
And fill the *man* with rapture and surprise;
Where, rolling in their spheres, the orbs *above*
Excite his admiration and his love;
Beneath, where awe-inspiring myriads swim,
Th' adoring *saint* shall *see,* and bow to Him,
Whose energy, that slumbers not nor sleeps,
Loves to display his wonders in the deeps.
Should blustering winds assail thy trembling bark;
Old ocean rave; and noon itself be dark,—
What time the spirit-trying surges break
With fury loose and harden'd Atheist's quake,—
Still shall thy soul its wonted peace maintain,
Thy faith subdue the terrors of the main;
For what can move thee and what ills betide,
The Lord thy friend?—Omnipotence thy guide?
Go! and may Heav'n propitiously extend
Parental care and every breeze befriend!
Calm and serene, as thy own bosom, be
The irritable billows of the sea!
Go, arm'd in faith; thy bright career pursue
To do the work allotted thee to do;
Say to the storms be still—those storms of strife
That interrupt the quietude of life;
Into the hearts of erring men instil
The clue to trace that *labyrinth*—the Will;
There foil the Serpent in his crooked ways,
Mock human wisdom and give God the praise.
Yon harvest whitening on Britannia's soil;
Invites thy arm—thy persevering toil;—
There let thy labors in the faith proclaim
The mighty Husbandman's eternal name,
Too long alas! forgotten, to engage
A serious worship in this boastful age.
Thou art a seedsman: sow the precious grain
And wait with confidence the latter rain.
Thine hand withhold not; evening dews and shade
May give new life to many a withering blade.
This task perform'd, thy friends renew the pray'r,
That Providence may still vouchsafe his care
To bring thee home (when Duty bids the move)
Safely beneath the banners of his Love;
As his own Instrument preserve thee bright,
Fit for his use, and emblem of his might;—
So shalt thou, like a cloud with many a show'r,
Blown by the breath of an almighty pow'r,
Impart to us the rain for which we pant,
Refresh the *languid,* raise the *drooping* plant,
Give life and verdure to the *sterile* sod,
And rear us by a gradual growth to God.

Longacoming, New-Jersey.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

It seems characteristic of madness, not only that the patient should have lucid intervals, when rationality seems momentarily to return, but the disease has lucid thoughts also, intermingled with the sickly and distorted dreams of the imagination. Indeed, what *is* madness, but a sort of *dreaming awake?* When the body retains all its activity, whilst the mind seems subjected to the delusive influence of sleep. It is in part still actuated as formerly by the pressure of surrounding circumstances; whilst that faculty of the soul which gives in sleep the power of imposing on the judgment, seems to predominate uncontrolled. Whether this theory be new, or strictly true, it seems to me to be a rational one.

I have been impressed with the importance of the idea suggested by Locke, that every act of folly is madness in reality, though but in degrees. It owes its origin to the delusive power of the same *dreaming faculty* in man, which in sleep and in derangement, casts the mantle of darkness over the vision of enlightened judgment. How few then, but have in some period of their lives justly subjected themselves to the imputation of mental derangement? And in fact, how frequently is not this imputation made? "What! has the man lost his senses?" is a question, one may often have heard put.—And upon this view of the subject the wise and good man is the only one that can with propriety lay claim to being in his right senses. Yet it is obviously no less the case than true, that by a thoughtless and uncharitable world, the conduct of such a man is most readily misconceived, and *he* is charged with madness and derangement, for submitting to the powerful operations of truth, who is, in reality, the only character unimpeachable of that malady. Even of the Saviour himself, it was said, "he is mad, why hear ye him?"

But there is another equally serious point of view, to dwell upon, and improve this subject. I have, and doubtless many have reflected with an equal degree of interest and surprise upon the appearance in some instances of a stubborn prejudice, an *obliquity of mind*, if I may so describe it, which in reasonable men, in spite of all reason, marks and disfigures their conduct. It has its origin in the mind,—but were we to attempt to apprehend it there, it mocks all our powers, and is so obstinate and irremediable, that all successful impression is at once commonly despaired of, and this partial derangement hopelessly left in the quiet occupation of its unweaning possessor.

I have a neighbour, a peaceable and agreeable friend, with whom I can converse on a great variety of topics, with the utmost pleasantness and good humour. On most of the ordinary subjects of discourse, he is quite the reasonable man, & after months of acquaintance thou wouldst suppose him no other than perfectly in his right mind. But talk to him on *one* topic, on which his heart is particularly set, and the scene is changed. All my arguments are unavailing, and so resolutely set is he in his favorite opinion, though in manifest contradiction to the plain dictates of common understanding, that to me he seems little short of a partial derangement. His interest is at stake, his passions roused, or his imagination alarmed:—and such is the effect, that time alone must work, if ever *time can* work, his cure; and by removing from this solely obscured point of my friend's mental horizon the clouds that have intercepted from his vision the clear light of reason, restore him to the full possession of his senses.

Perhaps my readers may by this time be induced to pause, and ask, "but art thou thyself, assured, that the picture thou hast drawn, is not a portrait of thyself? and not of thy neighbour only," I answer, that there are just grounds for suspecting that *I* may not be entirely free from some marks of a mental obliquity, which would seem to attach in greater or less degree, in all minds that have not industriously laboured in the work of interior rectification, and which is frequently most observable in those which are most filled with the conceit of their own superior excellence.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

WHEN dark'ning clouds the skies deform
And chill the keen winds blow;
When Boreas wakes the wint'ry storm
And fast descends the snow;
Contented I, within my cot,
Where Joy and Peace reside,
Enjoy my humble, happy lot—
And Evening Fire-side.

No mad Ambition fires my heart,
To court the voice of fame;
No anxious cares their stings impart;
Nor griefs without a name.
Let statesmen grasp the rod of power,
Elate with empty pride;—
Let me enjoy my tranquil hour,
And Evening Fire-side.

For Gold let fools, adventurous, roam
And brave the stormy main;
I'll ne'er desert my humble home,
Superfluous wealth to gain:
The smiles of Peace my cot illume;
My friends those smiles divide,
With me dispel the wintry gloom,
And cheer my Fire-side.

With them I pore o'er Tully's page,
Or Plato's lore sublime;
Nor heed the boistrous whirlwind's rage;
Nor mark the pace of Time.
The fruits, which yellow Autumn yields,
Are ne'er to them denied;
They share the products of my fields,
And Evening Fire side.

What are the pleasures of the great,
The joys of Folly's train,
But phantoms, that around them wait
And prompt the chase in vain?
Their glittering charms will melt away,
Like bubbles on the tide;
Nor cheer the labours of the day;
Nor Evening Fire-side.

ANGUS.

—

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Review of late Missionary intelligence.

We have lately perused an account published by the Presbyterian Assembly, exhibiting the state of religion within the pale of their society, and in different parts of the world. The information contained in this account, seems to us, to have merited its title of "Glad tidings." The sentiments in general, are such as a candid and catholic mind must admit; and no lover of Christianity, but must rejoice to hear of efforts in themselves so praise-worthy and vigorous, made by divers denominations of his brethren, to propagate the knowledge of the gospel among the unenlightened heathen. We propose to present the readers of the Evening Fire-side with some extracts, and observations upon this subject.

The Missionary spirit now so prevalent, has been latety awakened. It has lived ever since the Apostolic day; and exhibited itself in divers ways, and under a variety of shapes. When the command by the Saviour, "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," was given, the apostles felt the obligation of traveling to remote nations, at the hazard of every thing to themselves, near and dear. Paul spent and was spent in the magnitude and difficulty of the errand, and in almost every age since, have some splendid and costly efforts been made, to diffuse abroad the knowledge of what christians hold so dear. The middle ages sent forth *their* apostles to the Scandinavian heathen; and laid the foundation of the present civilized state of the north of Europe. And the Papists sent missionaries to different distant nations, with the absurd maxims of their dark tenets, and of a political subordination to their popes. The unfortunate, or rather the unprospered issue of their endeavours in China and Japan, are commonly known. In lieu of the mild and peaceable spirit of Christianity, they provoked the indignation of

those powers, for their treasonable practices; and sealed the disgrace of their cause, by their expulsion from China, and their total extirpation by massacre, from the empire of Japan.

But some surprising and successful efforts were afterwards made in America, among the natives, by Elliot and Brainard, and the Moravian brethren. Whilst in South America, the Jesuits were greatly instrumental in converting the Savages of that continent, to habits of settled and social life; and to some degrees of an invaluable knowledge of the Christian theology and doctrines. The Moravians had also, all along, done much in the missionary service in different remote quarters of the world; and they are now sedulously engaged in the same important service.

They have various stations and missionary settlements in several remote parts of the globe. And in the East Indies we have recent information of considerable success among the native inhabitants of that country, who, in general, seem pertinaciously attached to their native superstitions. But their career has been most honorable, in our view, in the English island of Antigua. "The population of that isle consists," says Winterbotham, of 30,000 blacks exclusively of the white population." And of these one third part are reported to have been brought to a regular religious profession. Their masters have been more pleased than otherwise; as their slaves uniformly prove better servants, when instructed in christian knowledge than they formerly were. The peaceable doctrines of christianity have been, by these pious labourers, largely insisted on; and the result appears to be highly felicitous.

But among the modern exertions of this kind, the late London Association of Christians of divers denominations, "forgetting," says the reporter of the meeting, "for the first time since the world began, their mutual animosities," and combining in one great labour of love. But more particularly of this in the sequel.

Afterwards the same spirit spread rapidly over America. Divers associations have been recently made here by several societies, for christianising the native Indians, and instructing the frontier inhabitants. Of the success of these latter efforts, we are not here to speak. They are recent, and but imperfectly known; but in general reports are rather favourable than otherwise.—The society of friends have also very disinterestedly entered upon similar views, of affording instruction to the Indians. They have made them many useful presents, and attempted their instruction in a practical way; combining very judiciously the knowledge of the civilized arts, along with religious information.

In exciting these missionary exertions, by the several societies of christians, we believe that the doctrine of the *millennium* has had no inconsiderable influence. To believing the existence of a future day, when the accomplishment of the prophecy was to take place, that "the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth, as the waters do the sea," a natural step was, to endeavour to hasten it, by the performance of what seemed to be, in particular required of them.

To the pamphlet itself, we refer the reader, for obtaining further information, in regard to several interesting particulars; as the success and difficulties of the several missionary establishments in India; the exertions made and making for establishing a school for the instruction of the Cherokee youth; and the description of that remarkable *bodily exercise*, which has been observed to attend the religious awakenings in the Western Country. "These," said the apostle, "profit little." They however, are some evidence of a state of sensibility, and though but little, may be to some, as it were, their precious all.

It is not a little remarkable, that the British government should in two instances, manifest a want of liberality and true policy, uncharacteristic of the nation. They have in Jamaica, thrown the most serious impediments in the way of the Moravian brethren; making it a high penalty, for any to hold religious meetings with the negroes, except the licensed clergy; and making it equally painful to the blacks to assemble in any other than the established way. And in the East Indies, similar dispositions have been evinced; inasmuch as no Baptist missionary could obtain a passage in any vessel of the East India company. They were obliged to embark some other way, and in divers instances made the circuitous route, by the United States, to get to Calcutta.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To eminence, if I aspire,
'Tis but a rational desire;
Therefore the wish that's here exprest
At the *Fire-side* to be a guest,
Will need no further explanation,
To any one of penetration.
Whether my wishes will be blest,
And I become a favor'd guest;
Or in th' attempt t' obtain a place,
Should meet contempt, or e'en disgrace,
Are questions,—the result of which,
Perhaps may cure my scribbling itch.
But if I gain admission *there*,
My worthy friend, I promise fair,
To cut no queer, unlicens'd caper;
Nor rudely spit upon the *taper*.
The *taper*, if I judge aright,
Shines, like the moon, with borrow'd light;
But, like the moon, with this objection—
It shines, methinks, without *reflection*:
The rays emitted from its columns,
Are drawn from very many volumes,
Which, if they're brought unto a focus,
Some other day, perhaps, may *smoke* us.—
But let us leave these glim'ring objects,
And take a view of other subjects.
Verses, in language trans-atlantic,
Some ignorant readers think, pedantic;
Italian, Spanish, Portuguese—
They can't discover what it is.
They're willing to confess, with candour,
There's not among them one—*Lysander*.
The Elegy, as I've been told,
Has met th' applause of young and old;
And though I own, I'm loath to blame it,
And with a kind of reverence name it,
I, and my friend, who just sat by me,
Thought the first stanza rather *slimy*.
Some other faults there are, 'tis true;
But beauties taken into view
Induce us now to bid adieu.

PHOSPHORUS.

Dec. 20th, 1804.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LINDLEY MURRAY, ESQ.

THIS gentleman's literary character, the extensive circulation of his works, and his solicitude for the guarded education and happiness of young persons, will doubtless render some traits of his history interesting to the public, especially to those who have derived benefit from his writings.

MR. MURRAY is a native of Pennsylvania; he was born in the year 1745. His parents were persons of respectable character, who were solicitous to endue his mind with pious and virtuous principles. He was carefully and regularly educated, and made a rapid progress in learning. His father, who removed to New-York, and was a distinguished merchant there, placed him at the age of fifteen, in his counting house, intending

to form him to mercantile business. But this employment not agreeing with young Murray's taste for reading, and desire of improving his mind, he solicited permission to study medicine or law. His father, perceiving his strong bent towards learning, procured for him a private tutor, a person of erudition and respectability; under whose care and direction he closely applied to the liberal studies, and gratified himself in his favorite pursuits. At the age of nineteen, he commenced the study of law under the auspices of a gentleman eminent in his profession; and he had the happiness of having for his fellow student, Mr. Jay, late plenipotentiary to our court. At the expiration of four years, Mr. Murray was admitted to the bar, and received a license to practice, both as counsel and attorney in all the courts of the state of New-York. In this profession he continued with increasing reputation and success, till the troubles in America interrupted all business of this nature.—He then removed from New-York, and spent some time in the country. But impatient of an inactive life, and desirous of improving his fortune, he returned to the city, and engaged in the mercantile line. By his diligence, abilities, and respectable connexions, he acquired, in the course of a few years, a very handsome competency; he then concluded to retire from business, and made a correspondent arrangement of his affairs. He purchased a beautiful country residence, a few miles from the city of New-York, where he hoped to enjoy much pleasure in rural occupation, and in the social intercourse of a wide circle of relations and friends. But pleasing prospects soon disappeared; for not long after his determination to retire, he was arrested by the hand of sickness. The fever with which he was afflicted left a great weakness in his limbs and his health and strength became so much impaired as to induce him, by the advice of his physicians and friends, to try the air and climate of England. In the year 1785, he came to this country, and in a short time found himself considerably relieved in the general state of his health, but not to that degree as to render it prudent for him to return to America. He settled in Yorkshire, and purchased a house pleasantly situated about a mile from York, where he continues to reside. The weakness of his limbs gradually increased, so that for some years he has found himself incapable of walking more than a few steps in the course of a day, without great inconvenience. He is however, able to ride in his carriage an hour or two every day, and in summer he is frequently drawn about his garden in a chair conveniently made for the purpose. To a person distinguished as Mr. Murray had been for health, strength and agility, this confinement must have been at first a heavy misfortune. At present no one would suppose him to be under the influence of affliction—Time and reflection seem to have perfectly reconciled him to his situation.

Deprived of the usual occupations and amusements of life, and of the common occasions of doing good to others, he has very happily and generously turned his attention to compose literary works, for the benefit chiefly of the rising generation. In this benevolent employ he has found great satisfaction, and met with uncommon success. His English Grammar, with the exercises and the key, has been much approved by the public, and adopted in most of the principal seminaries in England. It has passed through many large editions in this country, and been frequently reprinted in Ireland and America.

The merit of this work, and the high character given of it in the different reviews, induced his booksellers, to offer him a very considerable sum for the copy right, which he thought proper to accept. The copy-right of his Introduction to the English Reader, the English Reader itself, and the Sequel to that work, together with the abridgement of the Grammar (all of which have been commended for their chaste and judicious execution) were disposed of for very liberal prices. Mr. Murray's latest work is, "Le Lecteur Francais," a book on the plan of the English Reader. It has already received some very favorable and respectable public, as well as, private testimonies—& it bids fair to enhance Mr. Murray's reputation as a writer, who is solicitous to improve the taste & understanding, & to form the heart of his young readers. The copy right of this work also has been disposed of very advantageously. But this gentleman's views in writing are not mercenary.—Having begun his literary career from disinterested motives, he has constantly devoted all the profits of his works to charitable purposes—to the benefit of institutions for the relief of the poor and distressed; to assist the needy in procuring education for their children; and to render more comfortable those who are in straitened circumstances. The work which Mr. Murray first published, and which appears to afford him peculiar satisfaction, is "The Power of religion on the Mind, in retirement, affliction, and at the approach of death."—Having been himself struck and edified with the sentiments expressed by a variety of characters, at the most solemn period of life, he naturally thought that others would receive similar impressions from perusing a collection of such testimonies. Animated by this expectation, he formed the compilation, and interspersed it with many occasional observations and reflections of his own. The book has passed through eleven editions. The first impression was made wholly at Mr. Murray's own expence, and given away, chiefly in the neighbourhood of his own residence. Perceiving that the work met with approbation, he enlarged and improved it. In its present state it has been much praised and warmly recommended to the perusal of all classes of readers.

Time thus employed, and the rewards of labor thus distributed, prevent that gloom which ill health and long confinement are so apt to produce, and contribute to render Mr. Murray cheerful and happy, in a situation that many would think must be highly distressing. He appears to make the best of his condition, and to look at the bright side of the objects around him.

He is a member of the society called Quakers, and is much respected and esteemed by them—but in all his writings he has scrupulously avoided introducing, in any shape, the peculiar tenets of the sect. On moral and religious subjects he confines himself to the leading principles of piety and virtue, and to the general spirit and precepts of christianity. For this judicious care, as well as for the exemplary chasteness of his works he has received particular commendation.

He married early in life, but he has no children—Mrs. Murray is a person of great merit and respectability, and is faithfully and tenderly attached to him.

Mr. Murray is as highly distinguished by the excellence of his heart as by the powers of his mind. He is a most affectionate husband, a warm and sincere friend, a pleasing and instructive companion. His sentiments are liberal and refined; and the tenor of his life, in conformity with his writings, demonstrates him to be the uniform, zealous, and judicious friend of virtue and of piety.

[*Edinburgh Magazine.*

CHEMISTRY.

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[*Farmer's Cabinet.*

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CONTEMPLATION ON GRASSES.

'Ye dark towering pines! that rear high your unbending heads, and spread with your shade a solemn gloom around; ye lofty oaks, and thou stream, that pourest thy silvery brightness o'er the grey mountain's brow—not now will I celebrate your charms: I will look down on the turf that surrounds me; I will contemplate this wonderful world in miniature, replete with unnumbered beauties, with innumerable species of plants, with millions of different inhabitants that fly from flower to flower, or wander among the mazes of the grass. Endlessly diversified in form and beauty, each little individual finds here all that is necessary for its subsistence and its pleasures: fellow-citizens of this earth, each one is in its kind, perfect and good.

'How softly dost thou murmur, little stream! as thou passest among the water-cresses, and the brook-lime, that spreads its blue starry flowrets o'er thy waves. Thou encirclest every one of its stems with a glistening ring, and shakeeth its tender blossoms as thou passest by: from either bank the luxuriant grass, mixed with flowers, bends over thy tide: thy chrystal waters flow under the variegated arch, and reflect its beauteous hues.

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What variegated flower bends yonder over the stream, decked with such bright, such brilliant tints? Ah! pleasing deception! 'tis a butterfly, that has just taken flight, and left the slender blade, still trembling with its light pressure. What a beautiful insect flies past me, armed with black scales, and decked with red glittering wings! See, he perches (perhaps to seek his mate) on yonder thistle. Flow gently, thou murmuring stream! Ye zephyrs wave not the grass on the flowers; methought I heard the sound of softest music. Yes, they sing, though our ears are too dull to catch their tones; as our eyes are too imperfect to perceive all the minute beauties of their formation.

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The dreadful calamity which the town has experienced, is aggravated by a peculiarity of circumstances, which must have heightened the sufferings of its inhabitants beyond the power of description.

The Island itself is little else than a barren mountain, affording scarcely a sufficiency of *water* for the use of the shipping. This want had taught them to supply themselves with that necessary of life, by collecting the rain as it fell from the eaves of their houses, into cisterns, which like the dwellings, must have been destroyed by the late conflagration. The town, consisting of about twelve hundred frame houses, is built on the south side and at the foot of the mountain, on a rocky and sandy spot, which adds to the excessive heat of that climate.

To quadrate with the site of the town, the buildings have been so crowded, that the only division which can deserve the name of *street* was in many places not more than 15 feet wide. To this must be added, that this place served as a deposit for rum and sugar, and other West India produce; and as a general resort, for vessels to refit at, contained large quantities of naval stores, placed in the centre, which is the commercial part of the town. Without engines or any of the usual means for checking the progress of the flames, it may be imagined, that their rapid spreading must have rendered it very difficult for the inhabitants to escape with their lives, and altogether impossible to save their property. Thus was a population of 15,000 persons not only bereft, in a few hours, of wealth and luxuries, but tortured by the prospect of having only escaped from fire, to perish more lingeringly by gnawing hunger and a *thirst*, which in that climate is attended with sensations so excruciating as to border on desperation. How many must have fallen victims to a distress that cannot be thought on without shuddering with horror!

Christianity enjoins the dispensing of charity, to our fellow creatures, without assuming to ourselves the right of scanning their virtues or their faults. But it must be allowed, that the performance of this duty is more pleasing, when we can be assured, that the objects of our kindness have themselves been kind to others. It is, therefore, but justice to add the following instance of the benevolence of the people of St. Thomas, which was displayed under our own eye.

Some time prior to the last massacre at Aux-Cayes, about 140 women and children (chiefly widows and orphan's) escaped from that place, and arrived at St. Thomas destitute, and as they thought, friendless.

Their forlorn condition however, soon excited the compassion of these Islanders, who immediately furnished them with food, clothes, and lodgings. By the exertions of Gotlieb Fleischer, Esq. (a gentleman whose benevolence is not restricted to *colour*, *sect*, or *nation*) a subscription was made and the sum of 3000 dollars collected for their relief, exclusive of a further sum which was expected to be raised at Santa Cruz, by the like means.

Shall men who have given such exalted proofs of charity and benevolence, fail to excite a kindred sympathy? Surely not. This country can boast of similar acts of kindness towards suffering humanity; and as few instances of distress ever called for such general exertions, it is hoped that no one will dismiss the image of misery which is here but faintly traced, without contributing his mite to afford relief.

DOMESTIC.—On the 14th inst. a schooner loaded with rice and cotton foundered on Joe Flogger. The crew were saved and it was expected that the cargo would also be saved.—In Congress, the interesting Bill relative to the clearance of armed merchant vessels, was, on the 17th inst. ordered to have its third reading on the 23d. The Bill as amended, is as follows—"Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that after due notice of this act, at the several custom houses, no vessel owned in whole, or in part, by any citizen or citizens of the United States, or by any person or persons residing within the same, or the territories thereof, and armed or provided with the means of being armed at sea, shall receive a clearance, or be permitted to leave the port where she may be so armed or provided, without bond, with two sufficient sureties being given by the owner or owners, agent or agents, and by the master or commander, to the use of the United States, in a sum equal to the value of the vessel and cargo, conditioned that such vessel shall not make or commit any depredation, outrage, unlawful assault, or violence, nor make any other unlawful use of her arms against the vessels, citizens, subjects, or territory of any nation in amity with the United States; and that the guns, arms and ammunition of such vessel shall be returned within the United States, or otherwise accounted for, and shall not be sold or disposed of in any foreign port or place in the West Indies.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That if any armed merchant vessel, shall make or commit any depredation, outrage, unlawful assault, or violence "against any vessel or territory of a nation in amity with the United States, or against any of the citizens or subjects of such nation, or make any other unlawful use of the arms on board such vessel; if such depredation, outrage, unlawful assault, or violence, shall be made or committed, as if made and committed in any place under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, would be murder or felony, as the case shall be: and the principal and accessaries concerned therein, shall be punished as they would respectively be in other cases of murder or felony, by the laws of the United States—and if the offence be of less degree, it shall be a high misdemeanor, punishable by fine, not exceeding three thousand dollars, and imprisonment not exceeding three years.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That if any armed vessel, as aforesaid, shall proceed to sea without a clearance, contrary to the provision of this act, such vessel, with her arms, furniture and tackle, or the value thereof, shall be forfeited to the use of the United States."

The legislature of New-Jersey have risen, after passing several important laws. One authorises the completion of the Eastern bridge. Another the erection of mile stones, and direction posts upon the principal roads in the several townships.—An act of incorporation has likewise been past, to enable a Company to open an internal navigation, by connecting the waters of the Dalaware and Rariton rivers.——An expectation is entertained of finding more gold in the neighbourhood of the spot, where the large lump was lately found. The fields up the creek have been purchased lately at six times their ordinary value.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope the *twinkling light* of PHOSPHORUS,
Will oft a column *gild* and *gloss* for us,
Altho' some *rays* it may be said wou'd
Show less affinity to *stars* than *dead-wood*.
The lines he spins, with so much hastiness,
Give some idea of his tastiness;
His wit oppos'd to all pomposity,
Betrays a genuine jocosity;
And what it lacks of grave solidity,
It gains in something like *lucidity*.

The TAPER, though for a moment made to *flare* a little and manifest some degree of *warmth*, it is hoped will go on to steadily shine without interruption.

The fabrication of ANGUS's lines is happy; his flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical; the concatenation of his verses, is just, and the full close recurs with sufficient frequency.—Without wishing to appear *importunate* by eager solicitations, we would impress ANGUS, with the *sincerity* of a pointed invitation to the fire-side. Our *brightest corner* owes much of its *splendor* to the *sparkling* effusions of original poetry.

VAROLA, "though last, not least" in our remembrance, has a legitimate claim to a *fair* acknowledgement. His correctness of expression and soundness of judgment will, we trust, always insure him the *elbow-chair* rank at our fire-side.

The "end and aim" which "THE INVISIBLE," has in *view*, to us *appear* quite *out of sight*. The clearness of some of his expressions is, it is confessed, *apparent*; but the obscurity of many of his ideas is not less *obvious*.

S. in our next.

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